SOUVENIR OF THE CLYDE

T. NELSON & SONS

THE BROOMIELAW, GLASGOW

THE CLYDE FROM DALNOTTER HILL

Souvenir

of

THE CLYDE

With Twenty-Four Chromo Views

"So beautiful is Clyde . . . .
The river glides, the woods before me wave."

WORDSWORTH.

T. NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, and New York

1892

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GARELOCHHEAD.

THE CLYDE.

I.—THE CLYDE: FROM SOURCE TO GLASGOW.

THE noble Clyde—third of Scottish rivers in magnitude, but first in commercial importance—rises in the range of mountains that separates Lanarkshire from Dumfriesshire. Numerous rills and rivulets combine to form it—the Clyde proper, which has its source near Rodger Law, at an elevation of 1,400 feet above the sea-level, the Daer, the Powtrail, and others—all blending in the clear swift stream which at Elvanfoot receives the brawling Elvan, and sweeps to the east through a romantic country, passing the secluded village of Crawford, and, taking up the tribute of a succession of burns and brooks as it traverses the parishes of Lamington and Culter, follows the configuration of the Tinto mountains, until it receives the Medwin. It then takes its course to the south-west, crossing valuable pasture-lands, and dividing the parishes of Pittenain and Carmichael on the south from those of Carstairs and Lanark on the north. The fine cone-shaped mountain of Tinto Top, which rises to an altitude of 2,200 feet, is here a conspicuous figure in the landscape.

At its junction with the romantic Douglas Water, the Clyde turns to the north-west. About seven miles up the Douglas Water is Douglas Castle, which is the "Castle Dangerous" of Sir Walter Scott, and has a pathetic interest attaching to it as the last place in Scotland to which he made a pilgrimage.

Following the course of the Clyde we now approach Lanark. There is nothing of architectural interest in the ancient town, but it is famous in history as the place where William Wallace entered upon his patriotic career.

In the immediate vicinity of Lanark are the famous *Falls of Clyde*. After flowing for several miles through a level tract with almost sluggish motion, the river enters a rocky chasm, and in the beautiful grounds of Corehouse precipitates its waters over a cliff eighty-four feet in height. A fine view of this celebrated fall, known as Cora Linn, may be obtained from the semicircular seat on the opposite bank; but to our thinking, it is seen to most advantage from the bottom, where, in a deep and capacious amphitheatre, we find ourselves exactly in front of the bounding waters.

Above the fall is a pavilion, fitted up by the late Sir James Carmichael of Bonnington, in which mirrors are so arranged as to give the spectator the idea that the river is precipitating its waters on him.

On the south side of the river, perched on a rock, stand the ruins of the ancient castle of Cora or Corehouse, the famous seat of the Bannatynes. Close at hand is the handsome modern mansion of Corehouse.

Ascending the river, through the beautiful grounds of Bonnington, we come to Bonnington Linn, where a divided stream is poured over a rocky ledge thirty feet high. Below this fall the channel of the Clyde is formed by a range of perpendicular rocks on either side,—a kind of "natural masonry,"—with an elevation varying from seventy to one hundred feet.

The third fall, at Stonebyres, two miles below Lanark, is much finer, for there the river is broader, and sweeps over its precipitous

bed with a good deal of grandeur. The height of the cascade is about eighty feet.

There is little to interest the tourist until he comes to Craignethan Castle (in the parish of Lesmahagow), which is situated on a steep promontory, washed by the Nethan, a tributary of the Clyde. This is Sir Walter Scott's Tillietudlem, in his "Old Mortality." The ruins are imposing in themselves and from their situation. A high and solid wall is still, in great part, standing. The two massive towers which remain are crowned with a thick overgrowth of mountain-ash, bourtree, hazel, brier, and hawthorn. A large vaulted hall, known as the Queen's Room, is still shown. Here, it is said, Mary Queen of Scots lodged a few nights before the fatal battle of Langside. In a subterranean vault is a circular well, beautifully wrought of polished stone, which, according to one tradition, descended to a level with the bed of the Nethan, and, by communicating with it, carried a supply of water to the garrison during a siege; while, according to another, it formed the entrance of a tier of lower dungeons, wherein the victims of feudal tyranny were hopelessly imprisoned.

The original name of the parish and lordship of Hamilton was Cadzow, a designation still retained by a portion of the estate. It was changed to Hamilton in 1445, by virtue of a charter granted by James II. of Scotland to James, first Lord Hamilton. In former times, the town was celebrated for its prolific gardens; but it is now surrounded by extensive iron-works and coal-pits. Among its objects of interest we may point to the Mote Hill and the old Runic Cross; Sarah Jean's Close, where General Lambert was taken prisoner by Ralston's dragoons; and Queenzie Neuk, where Queen Mary rested on her journey to Langside. The steeple and clock of the old prison belong to the reign of Charles I.

The great attraction of Hamilton is, however, the palace of Scotland's premier duke, situated on a low plain between the town and the river. Of the ancient building little has been preserved; and

the present stately pile was begun in 1822 by the grandfather of the present duke. The Mausoleum, which is situated at some distance from the palace, was modelled after the famous Mausoleum Hadriani at Rome (now the Castle of San Angelo), and consists of a circular edifice, supported on a square basement, and enclosing an octagonal chapel rich in decoration. Under the floor are the vaults, arranged after the order of a catacomb.

Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Hamilton family, and still earlier a frequent residence of the Scottish kings, is perched upon a romantic cliff which overhangs the noisy Avon, and stands embowered in a pleasant wood. Of the mediæval fortalice, which Scott has celebrated in his spirited ballad, the remains still extant are, the keep with its encircling moat, a narrow bridge over the moat, a well in the interior, and the walls of a chapel.

The chase (of 1,500 acres) is adorned with the relics of the Caledonian Forest, which at one time stretched from sea to sea—colossal oaks, from thirty to thirty-five feet in girth, which it is supposed were planted by David I., the "sair sanct," about 1140. A remnant of the famous breed of Scottish wild cattle is preserved here; and the oxen maintain their ancient repute for savageness of temper.

Nearly opposite Cadzow Castle stands Chatelherault, on the west bank of the Avon, with its red walls, its four square towers, and its fantastic pinnacles. It is said to have been built in imitation of the citadel of Châtelhérault in Poitou, about 1732.

We pass on to Bothwell—not long ago a quiet little village, but now a considerable place, with many large houses and a general air of prosperity. Its mild and healthy climate has recommended it as a residence to the wealthy Glasgow merchants; and as railway accommodation has been provided, its growth will unquestionably be more rapid in the future. It has other attractions in the fertility of its gardens in fruits and flowers, and in the charming rambles which its neighbourhood supplies.

The Clyde here makes a bold sweep round a picturesque promontory, the famous "Bothwell bank" of Scottish song—"O Bothwell bank, thou bloomest fair." The summit of this fine headland is crowned with the romantic ruins of Bothwell Castle, which consist of a large oblong quadrangle, flanked southward by two large circular towers, and covering an area of two hundred and thirty-four feet in length and ninety-nine feet in breadth. The walls in some parts are sixty feet in height and fourteen feet in thickness. The chapel, at the east end, may be recognized by the shafted windows. Whoever built this once massive and dignified structure must surely have had a strong sense of natural beauty.

Old Bothwell Church—or rather the remains of it—carries us back in memory to an episode in Scottish history; for within its walls, in 1400, David, Prince of Scotland (the unfortunate Duke of Rothesay), was married to Marjory Douglas, daughter of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglas, who had founded it only two years before. It is in the Scoto-Gothic style. The roof is arched, lofty, and well built. In the manse was born Joanna Baillie, the authoress of "Plays of the Passions." Her father was minister of the parish for many years.

Bothwell Bridge was the scene of the battle, June 22, 1679, between the Covenanters, under Balfour of Burley, Hackston, and others, and the royal army, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth, with Claverhouse and Dalzell for his lieutenants. The bridge was strenuously defended by Hackston of Rathillet; but the main body, badly led, and divided among themselves, could offer no effective resistance, and were ruthlessly cut down by the royal troopers. The Covenanters lost four hundred killed and twelve hundred taken prisoners. Within the last half-century the bridge has undergone extensive changes and enlargements, so that little remains of the narrow structure which Scott has invested with the halo of his genius in his "Old Mortality."

About a mile above the bridge lie the lands of Bothwellhaugh,

BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

formerly the property of James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who shot the Earl of Murray, Regent of Scotland, at Linlithgow on the 23rd of January 1570.

By way of Uddingston, on the right hand, and Cambuslang and ancient Rutherglen on the left, we now follow the Clyde into the smoky vapours of Glasgow. There it parts for a while with its romance and its loveliness; and assuming the important aspect of a navigable river, lends its assistance to the activities of commerce. While washing the quays of Glasgow and Govan, there is little of beauty in it that men should desire it; but when it releases its waters from the contagion of a great city, it again becomes the bright and noble stream which poets have loved to praise and artists to commemorate.

II.—THE CLYDE: FROM GLASGOW TO THE SEA.

And the Steamboat Routes to Loch Fyne and Arran.

To view the beauties of the Clyde aright, the tourist must follow its course from Glasgow by one of those convenient and handsome steamboats which the Clyde shipwrights know so well how to build. A railway skirts either bank of the river, and opens up, no doubt,

a number of delightful glimpses; but it is only "by water" that the richness and diversity of the scenery can be fully appreciated. Admirably appointed vessels sail several times a day from the busy quay of the Broomielaw (see *Chromo View*), close to Jamaica Street Bridge, for various places "doun the watter." But the stranger cannot do better than join Mr. David MacBrayne's famous steamer the *Columba*, and accompany her on her daily trip, by way of Rothesay and the Kyles of Bute, to Ardrishaig.

The *Columba* leaves the Broomielaw, Glasgow, every week-day morning at 7, calling at Greenock to embark those passengers who may have preferred to shorten the journey by an hour by taking "the rail," or those who have come direct from London or from Edinburgh. We shall suppose, however, that our readers adopt the river route.

Steaming down the harbour, we are struck by the tiers of "tall ships" which crowd on either hand, and remember that the immense commercial activity to which they bear witness was rendered possible only by the perseverance of the authorities of Glasgow in converting a shallow stream into a deep artificial canal. On the huge works by which this object was accomplished a sum of £5,594,982 was expended between 1770 and 1872. So late as 1755 the depth of water at the mouth of the Kelvin did not exceed forty-four inches at high tide; it is now twenty-three feet. The artificial water-way extends down the river as far as to Bowling, and is carefully marked out by a series of buoys and beacons. It is just wide enough, below the harbour, to admit of the passage of two large vessels at a time, and it is prevented from filling up by the continuous labour of a number of large dredgers.

As we move on our way—slowly, for the rate of speed in the canalized portion of the river is strictly regulated—we pass, on the south side of the open harbour, *Kingston Dock*, covering an area of nine and a half acres; and on the north side, *Stobcross Docks*, with

twelve and a half acres of water surface. It is proposed to construct, on the south side, west of Govan, to meet the increasing needs of the ocean traffic, eight great tidal basins, at a cost (including wharfage, sheds, graving-docks, and the like) of nearly £3,000,000. The clink of hammers, the clang of metal, and the hiss of steam, which rise above the medley of river-sounds as we advance, proceed from the celebrated ship-building yards stretching along both sides of the Clyde from the mouth of the Kelvin to a point close upon Stobcross Docks. Some of the swiftest keels that plough the deep have been launched from these yards.

The south side of the river, below Glasgow proper, is occupied by the busy suburb of GOVAN, an active centre of the ship-building trade. It is worth mentioning that the tower and spire of its parish church have been faithfully copied from those of Shakespeare's church at Stratford-on-Avon.

On the right bank lies PARTICK; and below that spreading congeries of streets and terraces is *Whiteinch*, another colony of ship-builders.

Passing the handsome mansion and grounds of *Scotstoun* on the right, and on the left *Elderslie*, associated with the memory of William Wallace, we observe, on the same side of the river, with some pleasant masses of foliage relieving its generally sombre aspect, the burgh of RENFREW, which bestows a barony on the Prince of Wales. Here, upon Castlehill, stood the ancient seat of the Stewarts or Stuarts, from the time of David I. until their representative ascended the throne as Robert II. About a mile and a half to the south rises the isolated eminence of *Knock*, which gave name, it is said, to the family of Knox, renowned through its connection with the great leader of the Scottish Reformation.

On the right bank lies the ugly village of *Yoker*, with its prosperous distilleries; and another ship-building colony, *Clydebank*, of very recent growth.

Opposite, below Blytheswood Park, the Cart pours into the

Clyde the combined waters of the White Cart, the Black Cart, and the Gryfe. Looking up it, one sees the smoke-cloud resting above the manufacturing town of PAISLEY. A little lower down we pass the beautiful grounds of *Erskine*, the seat of Lord Blantyre, and the imposing Tudor mansion, designed by Sir R. Smirke; and then, directing our gaze towards the right, perceive the noble outlines of the Kilpatrick Hills.

Still skirting the north or right bank of the river, we come to *Bowling*, with its long line of wharfage, its ship-building yard, and its station on the Glasgow and Helensburgh Railway. Here the Forth and Clyde Canal, constructed by the engineer Smeaton, terminates, after a course of thirty-eight miles, broken up by thirty-nine locks. On Dunglass Point, a little to the west, moulder the ruins of an old castle of the Colquhouns; and an obelisk, erected in 1839, perpetuates the memory of Henry Bell, the pioneer of steam navigation, having launched on the Clyde its first steamer, the *Comet* (1812).

The picturesque situation of *Dumbarton Castle* (see *Chromo View*), on a steep and rugged peninsular rock, makes it the observed of all observers, and has led to its transference to the pages of sketch-books innumerable. It was probably a Roman stronghold, and under the Celtic name of *Alcluyd* (the high rock on the Clyde) it was the royal seat of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde. The Anglo-Saxons called it *Dun-briton* (the hill fort of the Britons). Historical events of stirring interest are grouped around it; for before the invention of gunpowder it was impregnable, and was the key to the Highlands. An English garrison held it during the reign of Edward I., and here Wallace was confined after his betrayal. Mary, Queen of Scots, then a child of five, found an asylum within its walls after the Battle of Pinkie. It is one of the four fortresses in Scotland which, by the Act of Union, are kept garrisoned.

Of DUMBARTON itself, which lies a little way up the Leven, it is

necessary only to say that its population is chiefly supported by ship-building. The Leven can be followed up to Loch Lomond, and views of Ben Lomond are obtainable from several points in this neighbourhood.

Continuing our voyage, we pass, on the left, *Finlayston House*, an ancient seat of the Earls of Glencairn, where, it is said, John Knox first dispensed the sacrament (1556). On the right, *Cardross* is the site of the old castle where King Robert the Bruce expired on the 7th of June 1329. Turning again to the left, we notice the ruined pile of Newark Castle, finely situated on a projecting point of land, and commanding an extensive and animated prospect.

We come next to PORT-GLASGOW, a well-built and prosperous town, with a considerable trade in ship-building and the import of timber. Here was launched the pioneer steam-vessel—Henry Bell's *Comet*. Port-Glasgow was founded by the merchants of Glasgow in 1688 as a port of lading and discharge; but it lost its importance in this respect when the deepening of the river enabled ships of burden to ascend to the Broomielaw.

Three miles beyond, after rounding Garvel Point, we come to the large and prosperous sea-port town of

GREENOCK.

(*See Chromo View.*)

There is little in the town itself to interest the stranger, for its streets are narrow and ill built, and it presents the customary aspects of seaside places dependent on the patronage of those who go down to the sea in ships; but its position is not without some elements of the picturesque. The broad bosom of the Clyde extends before it, thronged with every kind of craft, from the huge American mail-steamer to the dainty pleasure-boat; and across the river are visible the green hills which run ridge-like between Helensburgh and Loch Lomond—the woods of Ardencaple—the leafy village of Row, with the low sandy spit that projects far across the romantic

basin of the Gareloch—and the wooded headland of Roseneath, with the old mansion of the Dukes of Argyll. Up the busy river the eye reaches to the rock of Dumbarton; downward it takes in the winding shore of Kilcreggan and Cove, and the heights which tower above the secluded waters of Loch Long. On the whole you can hardly desire a more varied or a livelier combination of landscape and waterscape, and its features are so numerous and so distinct that they occupy the mind with quite a pleasing excitement.

Having mastered these details, we shall do well to take a walk along the busy quays (see *Chromo View*), which now extend to nearly a mile in length. The two piers, the Custom-House and Prince's, are always crowded with passengers joining or leaving the pleasure-steamers, which all call here, in the summer season, on their trips up and down the river; and the docks are crowded with large ships, hailing from almost every port in the world. The two railways, the Caledonian and the Glasgow and South-Western, send their iron arms right down to the water's edge, so that the lading or the unlading of ships is expeditiously accomplished.

Greenock is one of the principal seats of the sugar-refining trade. Its ship-building is extensive, and in other directions it exhibits a surprising commercial activity. Of late years its citizens have shown a laudable desire to embellish the dingy old town. At the west end the Hill Road and the Esplanade afford a very beautiful promenade and drive. James Watt is, of course, and deservedly enough, the most honoured, as he is the most famous, of Greenock worthies.* His house is still standing, and is carefully preserved. In Union Street may be seen his statue, in white marble, with an inscription beneath it from the pen of Lord Jeffrey:—"The inhabitants of Greenock have erected this statue of James Watt, not to extend a fame already identified with the miracles of steam, but to testify the pride and reverence with which he is remembered in the

* Galt, the novelist, died at Greenock in 1839. Here also died Burns's "Highland Mary," and was interred in the graveyard of the High Church.

place of his nativity, and their deep sense of the great benefit which his genius has conferred on mankind." Other signs of the veneration in which he is held by the townsmen will not fail to attract the stranger's notice.

The chief public buildings of Greenock are the Exchange, the Town Hall, the Court-House, the Public News-Room, and the splendid pile of the New Public Offices, which cost upwards of £80,000. The Sailors' Hospital, built in 1869, can accommodate two hundred inmates; the Mariners' Asylum, at the west end of the town, was founded by the late Sir Gabriel Wood. The Custom-House has a columned façade of some pretensions.

HELENSBURGH.

Across the wide stretch of the Clyde lies the pretty watering-place of Helensburgh (see *Chromo View*), not yet a hundred years old, and wearing quite a fresh and new appearance. This is partly due to the way in which it is laid out—the villas in the better thoroughfares standing each in its little plot of garden-ground, and the roadways being bordered with margins of green turf. The principal shops line the Esplanade in front of the river.

Helensburgh has two railway stations and two piers—a new pier, built by the North British Railway Company, and known as Craigendoran, and the old town-pier. It owes its name to the gallantry of the first "feuars," who thus did homage to the lady of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, the lord of the manor. There are, as a matter of course, the usual concomitants of a populous and prosperous "marine resort"—banks, churches, baths, libraries, bowling-greens, hotels. On the broad and sunny Esplanade—which commands a charming view of wood and water—stands an obelisk of granite, commemorating the adventurous Henry Bell.

EXCURSION TO THE GARELOCH.

Steamers leave Helensburgh for Garelochhead several times a

day, and enable the tourist to see the Gareloch to much advantage. There is also omnibus communication between Helensburgh, Row, Shandon, and Garelochhead. A ferry-boat plies constantly between Row Point and Roseneath Pier.

The Gareloch, or Gairloch, is an arm of the Firth of Clyde, opening between the wooded Castle-point of Roseneath and the Helensburgh shore, with a breadth of nearly two miles. A mile up, between Roseneath and Ardencaple, it narrows to three-quarters of a mile, but quickly resumes nearly its original span. Its waters are clear and salt, and vary in depth along the centre from ten to thirty fathoms. Its total length is seven and a half miles. Outward-bound vessels go up to the head of the loch, which is well sheltered, to have their compasses adjusted. The *Cumberland* training-ship for boys is anchored at its mouth.

The steam-boat passenger, after leaving Helensburgh, notices, in succession, Ardencaple, the old seat of the Argyll family and the birth-place of the present duke; Cairndhu Point, with Helensburgh Public Park close at hand; the leafy hamlet of Row (*rhue*) and its church, Row pier, and, on the left, Roseneath pier. Entering the inner basin of the loch, he is carried first to the one shore and then to the other, to touch at several waterside villages, including Clynder and Shandon, before arriving at Garelochhead. At *Shandon*, the large castellated pile which overlooks the shining waters was built by Robert Napier, the well-known engineer; it is now a Hydropathic Establishment. From this point we can penetrate Glen Fruin, and make our way through a singularly romantic landscape to the banks of Loch Lomond. Some historical interest attaches to it as the scene, in 1602, of a murderous conflict between the Colquhouns and the Macgregors: the circumstances are described by Scott in his introduction to "Rob Roy."

Garelochhead is pleasantly situated in a quiet leafy nook at the foot of the hills which intervene between the Gareloch and the larger basin of Loch Long. It has a couple of convenient inns and

a good pier. A walk across the hilly ridge which forms the extreme boundary of the loch brings you to a lonely little inn, exposed to all the winds that blow, called "Whistlefield." From this point you can include three lochs in your purview—the Gareloch, in your rear; in front, Loch Long (see *Chromo View*); and to the left, Loch Goil's "stormy waters." The rugged and massive range of granite peaks towering before you, on the other side of Loch Long, furrowed with ravines and awful with precipices, is locally known—by an effort of native irony—as "The Duke of Argyll's Bowling-Green" (2,500 feet high). Conspicuous among the peaks is Ben Arthur, or the Cobbler (2,863 feet), so named from its fancied likeness to a cobbler hammering on his lapstone.

We shall now descend the Gareloch on the other side. The road is one of the pleasantest imaginable; for it skirts the margin of the loch very closely, and passes through clusters of mountain-ash and silver birch, in the shade of which ferns and wild-flowers flourish in happy luxuriance. *Clynder* is a place of some importance, several good houses having been erected, and in the season it boasts of a goodly number of visitors. At last we arrive at *Roseneath*, the church and manse being at some distance from the *clachan* or village. Here we enter upon hallowed ground; for Sir Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Midlothian," has made it the home of Jeanie Deans.

Nearly all the peninsula of heather-purple hills which interposes between Loch Long and the Gareloch is the property of the Duke of Argyll. His seat, Roseneath Castle, is surrounded by fine and extensive woods, to which the public are freely admitted. A clump of silver firs is reputed to contain the finest specimens of that tree in Scotland, and so it may very well be when their girth and stature are considered. We must now return to Helensburgh, and thence re-cross the river to Greenock, in order to visit Loch Long and Loch Goil.

EXCURSION TO LOCH LONG AND LOCH GOIL.

From Glasgow, or from Greenock, a pleasant trip may be made up Loch Long to Arrochar, or up Loch Goil to Lochgoilhead. (See *Chromo Views.*)

We cross the Clyde to *Kilcreggan* ("St. Cregan's Church"), a pretty marine village, which, together with the not less pretty village of *Cove*, lines the shore of the promontory between the Gareloch and Loch Long with a constant succession of villas and ornate cottages and their blooming gardens. Between Kilcreggan and Cove interposes Burren Point, which forms the eastern extremity of Loch Long. Opposite is *Strone* ("the nose"), on the western extremity; and the loch is here about two miles wide.

Above Strone lies *Blairmore* (*Blair* = a plain, *mohr* = great), another cluster of summer residences, with its pier, church, hotel, etc.; and still further up the loch, on the same side, is *Ardentinny*, one of the most attractive nooks in this attractive region,—the fitting home of Peace and Poetry. It is the scene of Tannahill's beautiful ballad, "The Lass o' Arranteenie."

[From Ardentinny a romantic road leads to Loch Eck (see *Chromo View*), three miles, by Cuills and Taynforlin.]

On the opposite, or eastern shore, is *Coulport*, a continuation of Cove.

Ascending the loch for about three miles, we come to Bird Point, and doubling the rocky headland, run into Loch Goil,—an inlet six miles in length, with the steep rugged heights of Ben Arthur and its brother mountains on the east, and the sweeping summits of Cowal on the west. Embayed within their lofty masses, it sleeps in wonderful calm on a summer day; but when the winter winds howl and rave amidst the surrounding precipices and ravines, it presents a terribly magnificent expanse of storm-tossed waters. A small, low peninsula on the west side bears the ruins of Carrick Castle, an ancient seat of the Campbells, built in the fifteenth

CARRICK CASTLE, LOCH GOIL.

century on the site of an earlier stronghold. Hither retired the Marquis of Argyll after the defeat of Charles II. at Worcester, and in this stern and massive fortress, among the mountains and the waters, he defied for four years the power of Cromwell. It was burned in 1685 by the men of Athole, on the Earl of Argyll's failure to rally the Scots to the support of the Duke of Monmouth.

Both at *Carrick* and at *Douglas* summer colonies, founded by the Glasgow merchant-princes, are rapidly rising; and *Lochgoilhead*, where the loch terminates, is another of them. [Hence, through the wild and awful scenery of *Hell's Glen*, the tourist can proceed to St. Catherine's Ferry, on Loch Fyne.]

Returning to Loch Long,* which stretches nine miles beyond the mouth of Loch Goil, we run up to *Arrochar*, a secluded village in the very heart of the mountains, which here assume the grandest shapes imaginable. A striking view of the gaunt, grim outline of "the Cobbler" (2,863 feet) is obtainable from this point. [From Arrochar to Tarbet, on Loch Lomond, is a walk or drive of two miles through very beautiful and impressive scenery; and at Tarbet the tourist may take the steamer either *up* the lake to Inversnaid,

* Loch Long, twenty-two miles in length, and from two miles to half a mile in breadth, separates the counties of Argyll and Dumbarton. Loch Goil opens out of it.

and thence across to Loch Katrine, or *down* the lake to Luss for Helensburgh, and to Balloch for Dumbarton and Glasgow.]

[From Arrochar, westward, the tourist may strike through the Highland passes of Glencroe and Glenkinlass, to the head of Loch Fyne, and onward to Inveraray. At the head of Glencroe, about six miles from Arrochar, the stone inscribed "Rest and be Thankful" was placed, long years ago, by the 22nd regiment, whose labour constructed the road.]

Returning to Greenock, we resume our voyage by the *Columba*.

On leaving Greenock, we take note of the armour-clad war-ship which is always stationed at the Tail of the Bank, and, as we drop down the river, direct our attention to *Gourock* (see *Chromo View*), and the flotilla of yachts anchored in its quiet bay. Scarcely any part of the firth offers a more magnificent picture than that which the *Columba* now surveys; and when lighted up by a summer sun its vividness of colour is no less remarkable than its variety of outline. On the one hand we have the Ayrshire coast, of moderate elevation and comparatively fertile, with sequestered, dreamy villages and pastoral valleys; on the other, the rough bold shores of Argyllshire, with massive mountains rising high above them, and clasping in their rugged arms the waters of Loch Long and the Holy Loch; while in front are just visible the low green islands of Bute and Cumbrae, with the grand heights of Arran closing in the distance.

The shapely white tower of the Cloch Lighthouse (eighty feet high) is left behind us, and we stretch across to *Hunter's Quay*, the rendezvous of the Clyde yachtsmen. It is situated at the mouth of the Holy Loch (*Loch Seante*), an arm of the firth which strikes inland for about two miles.

Kilmun, at the head of the loch, the reputed site of a church founded by St. Mungo, is also supposed to be the saint's last resting-place. A collegiate church was erected here, in 1441, by Duncan the Prosperous (*Donnach-adh-un-Aigh*), first Lord Campbell, an

HOLY LOCH.

ancestor of the Argyll family. His tomb is still extant; upon it reclines his effigy, cross-legged, and it bears the inscription:—"Hic jacet Dominus Duncanus, Dominus de Campbell, Miles de Lochow. 1453." The Knight of Lochow, or Lochawe, sustained a grievous affliction in the death of his son and heir, which took place in a foreign land. His remains were brought back in a ship which stress of weather drove into the Holy Loch; and Lord Campbell purchased ground there for a burial-place from the Lamont of Lamont, Lord of Cowal. The mausoleum which he erected has ever since been used as the tomb of the Argyll family.

Apart from these associations, Kilmun is a pleasant and sunny village, offering a delightful summer residence to visitors who are content to take their pleasure tranquilly. [Excursions may be made to Dunoon (see *Chromo View*) and Innellan in one direction; to Sandbank, Inverchapel, and Loch Eck, in another. The latter may be prolonged, through Glenfinart, to Ardentinny (on Loch Long), whence, by boat, the pilgrim may return to Kilmun.]

From Hunter's Quay we pass on to *Kirn*, part of the united parishes of Dunoon and Kirn in that division of Argyllshire which is known as Cowal—a peninsula lying between the Firth of Clyde

and Loch Fyne. Kirn has no separate existence apart from Dunoon; and the two places, taken as one town, are of sufficient importance to be regarded as the actual, in contrast with Inveraray, the historic, capital of Argyllshire.

DUNOON.

Dunoon is well provided with hotels, lodging-houses, shops, places of worship, libraries, and other conveniences. It is very healthy; its situation is delightfully picturesque; as a starting-point for numerous delightful tours and excursions it has exceptional advantages; and, consequently, few places on the Clyde are more popular as summer-resorts.

Notwithstanding its aspect of brightness and newness, Dunoon has a history of its own.

Its name, according to some authorities, is derived from the grassy hill near the pier,—that is, *Dun Naine*, the green hill; others read it as *Dun Naadh*, the new fort or castle. Of the castle which once crowned its summit only a few stones remain to commemorate the site. It seems to have consisted of three towers—one looking up the firth, another facing the sea, and a third commanding the approach from the land. Its records may be traced up to the eleventh century, when King Malcolm made a grant of Bute and Cowal to the hereditary high-stewards of Scotland, the ancestors of the Stewarts or Stuarts. In 1334, David II. bestowed its governorship on Colin Campbell of Lochawe, and it was thenceforth regarded as a royal palace. Queen Mary, in 1563, visited the castle, then occupied by her friend the Countess of Argyll, and enjoyed, it is said, the sport of deer-hunting. Nearly a century later it became the scene of a disastrous massacre. The ancient feud between the hostile clans prompted, in 1646, a raid upon the lands of the Lamonts by the aggressive Campbells, who burned Toward Castle and other residences, and captured several hundred prisoners. The victors undertook to spare their lives; but, in spite of their pledge,

slaughtered all the meaner folk, and conveyed the remainder to Dunoon, where thirty-six gentlemen, mostly Lamonts, were hanged on one tree, while others were "barbarously, inhumanly, and unchristianly murdered by dirks, and cut down with swords and pistols." To this foul crime the Earl of Argyll, it is said, consented, and indeed it is shrewdly suspected that it was committed by his orders. When he was brought to trial for high treason, it was alleged against him in one of the articles of indictment:—"Thus the Lord from heaven did declare his wrath against the same by striking the tree whereon the said Lamonts were hanged in the month of June, it being a level fresh-growing ash-tree, at the kirkyard of Dunoon, and among many other fresh trees, with leaves. The Lord struck the tree immediately thereafter, so the whole leaves fell from it, and the tree withered, never bearing leaves thereafter, and remaining so for the space of two years, when, being cut down, there sprang out of the very heart of the root thereof a spring like unto blood, poppling up, running in several streams over the root; and that for several years after, till the said murderers, or their favourers, perceiving that it was remarked by persons of all ranks (resorting there to see the miracle), they did cause houk out the root, covering the whole with earth, which was full of the said matter like blood."

After this fatal affray, the Argylls seem to have discontinued their residence at Dunoon. Already a village had sprung up in the vicinity; and as the castle fell into decay, its solid masonry was employed by the fisher folk and peasants in the construction of their cottages. After the revival of Episcopacy in 1660, the Bishops of Argyll frequently resided here; and the ruins of the episcopal mansion were in existence until a comparatively recent date. The town, or village, was of considerable importance in the eighteenth century, on account of the ferry which plied between it and the Renfrewshire shore; but it gradually sank into a decayed and lethargic condition, from which it was not awakened until the introduction of steam navigation rendered it possible for Glas-

gow to pour out its thousands along the radiant banks of the Clyde.

Dunoon spreads its streets along the shore of the East Bay; its terraces of villas along the shores of the West Bay, and the green acclivities of the Bull Wood. It has an excellent pier, extending nearly four hundred feet into the water, which at its head is about four fathoms deep. The Convalescent Seaside Homes were established in 1871, through the benevolent efforts of Miss Beatrice Clugston and other Glasgow sympathizers. On the ridge between the two bays stands the Parish Church, conspicuous by its massive tower; it was built in 1816.

[Excursions by steamer from Dunoon are numerous enough to gratify the most enthusiastic, while the fares are low enough to satisfy the most economical. We can indicate only the most interesting:—Wemyss Bay, Largs, and Millport; Carrick Castle, the seat of Robert Bruce, and Loch Goil, with its memories of "Lord Ullin's Daughter;" Loch Fyne and Inveraray, or Ardrishaig and Oban; Loch Ranza and Campbeltown; Kyles of Bute, Tarbert, Ardrishaig and Oban; Ardrossan and Ayr; the island of Arran, Rothesay and the island of Bute; Loch Long and Coulport; Helensburgh and Garelochhead; Helensburgh and Roseneath; Gourock, Greenock, and Dumbarton.]

We resume our voyage by the *Columba*. Closely skirting the Cowal shore, we pass the green depths of the Bull Wood, and after a four miles' run, arrive at another colony of pretty villas, known as *Innellan*. It has, of course, a pier, a hotel, and three churches—Established, Free, and United Presbyterian. From the high ground the views are of the choicest description, and touched with atmospheric effects such as Turner loved to paint. They extend from Loch Long to Arran—a panorama of equal interest and variety.

Another four miles' course brings us to Toward Point, made conspicuous by its white-gleaming lighthouse. About a mile to

the north-west, facing Bute, stands Toward Castle, a splendid Scoto-Gothic mansion. Within its well-wooded grounds lie the ruins of the ancient fortalice of the Lamonts, who were exterminated by the Campbells, as already narrated, in 1646.

On the opposite shore of the firth—just below Ardgowan, the seat of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart—lies the picturesque village of *Innerkip*, or Inverkip (*inver* = at the mouth of), situated at the efflux of the little Kip into the Clyde. It boasts of a railway station, a hotel, and a couple of churches, and the imposing mausoleum of the Shaw-Stewarts.

Wemyss Bay, on the same side of the firth, has risen into celebrity of late years as a watering-place and summer-resort. Its handsome villas—each standing in trim, bright ornamented grounds—face the gentle curve of the little bay, and are distributed also, terrace-fashion, among thick-clustering trees on the green hillside. Castle Wemyss, the seat of Sir John Burns, Bart., head of the Cunard Company, is a stately baronial pile in the old Scottish style of architecture.

Wemyss Bay is the terminus of a branch of the Glasgow and Greenock Railway, and steamers ply regularly between it and Innellan and Rothesay, and Largs and Millport.

Kelly Burn, which enters the firth almost in the middle of the bay, marks the boundary-line between Renfrewshire and Ayrshire. Kelly House was long the residence of James Young, the inventor of paraffin and other mineral oils.

THE ISLE OF BUTE.

The island of Bute, which now rises on the traveller's view with its low green hills and winding shores, is separated from the Cowal district of Argyllshire by the narrow channel known as the Kyles of Bute. (See *Chromo View.*) The island measures about sixteen miles in length and from three to five in breadth. Though

of these moderate dimensions, it presents a singular contrast of scenery—the northern parts being bare, rocky, and rugged; while the southern are fair, fertile, and gently undulating. Its coast-line abounds in striking features, and is broken up by a number of little bays, two of which—those of Stravannan and Kilmichael—strike inland towards each other with so much boldness as to convert the southern end of the island into an oval peninsula, the highest point of which is called Mount Blair. The irregular ground near the middle of the island, with its hills and dales, affords shelter for four miniature lakes, of which Loch Fad (see *Chromo View*) is the largest and most interesting. These will afford the angler tolerable sport. Bute is blessed with a mild and temperate climate, and in some parts of it winter loses its terrors for the invalid. Together with Arran and the Cumbraes, it forms a county, and returns one member to Parliament. It gives the title of Marquis to a branch of the family of Stuart, whose present representative is proprietor of the larger portion of the island, and has a fine residence, recently rebuilt, at Mount Stuart, on the eastern shore.

The historical records of the island will not long engage our attention. It was in the occupation of the Northmen some time in the ninth and tenth centuries; then the Scots recovered it, and early in the eleventh century, Malcolm II. bestowed it on Walter the first Lord Steward, whose descendants have ever since continued to hold it. The Northmen again got possession of the island temporarily in the thirteenth century; but it was eventually regained by the Scots, who held it when Haco of Norway invaded Scotland in 1263. Edward of England conquered it in 1298, and kept possession of it until 1312, when it was recaptured by Robert the Bruce. During the later years of his life, King Robert III. made Rothesay Castle his residence; and he died therein on the 29th of March 1406. It was garrisoned by English veterans in the time of Cromwell. Thither repaired Archibald, Earl of Argyll, in May 1685, when he had concerted with Monmouth an invasion

of the kingdom. He brought with him from Holland three small ships, carrying arms for five thousand men, besides cannon, a store of gunpowder, and other war-material. These military stores he deposited in an old castle which formerly stood on the small rock of Eilan-greg, near the mouth of Loch Ridden. While he was cruelly ravaging the island, news reached him of the approach of a large body of troops, with three ships of war and some frigates, and he hastily retired. The royal forces captured the castle at Eilan-greg, and blew it up, after removing the arms and stores. Soon afterwards, the earl was taken prisoner and removed to Edinburgh, where he was tried, found guilty of treason, and beheaded.

The chief—or, more properly speaking, the only—town of the island is the royal burgh of

ROTHESAY.

Rothesay (see *Chromo View*) is admirably situated. Lying within the arms of a sheltered bay, the beauty of which has been celebrated in song, it enjoys an equable, genial, and healthy climate, which makes it the delight of invalids, and has procured for it the somewhat fanciful appellation of "the Montpellier of Great Britain." It has also been styled, with much less appropriateness, "the Brighton of Scotland." Nay, with no appropriateness at all; for neither in situation, nor in climate, nor in character, nor in its surroundings does it resemble the great English watering-place. The only point of likeness, beyond the fact that it is a "marine resort," is *that it has an aquarium*, and so has Brighton.

Let it not be thought, however, that Rothesay is by any means "dull." During the season its esplanades are a scene of constant animation. The bay is not less lively; for steamers are constantly coming in and going out, and the waters teem with rowing-boat and sailing-wherry, among which a swift steam-yacht occasionally appears, scattering them in all directions like a hawk in a dovecote. As for the pier, you will find it diverting enough

when the *Columba* lies alongside to deposit a portion of its living freight, or when the Wemyss Bay packet brings its quota of railway-passengers to swell the migratory population of the town. The Esplanade is, without exaggeration, a noble promenade, commanding such prospects as must needs rejoice the artistic spirit. It is divided, by the pier and harbour, into two sections—an eastern, which extends to Craigmore; and a western, which stretches a couple of miles or so towards Port Bannatyne. Round about the harbour, and in its immediate neighbourhood, cluster the principal shops. West of the pier is a pleasure-ground of about four acres, with a central pavilion, in which, at fixed hours, a band discourses popular airs. There is an Albert Memorial; but it is by no means pretentious; and a simple little monument commemorates the benefactions of the late Mr. A. B. Stewart. When the visitor tires of all this, he has the island before him with its diversity of landscape and seascape. Indeed, the beauties of the island—as of all the western islands—are inexhaustible. So swift is the succession of atmospheric effects that the same scene is constantly presenting itself under new aspects; but the picture, however coloured, is always beautiful.

There can be no doubt that Rothesay is the paradise of invalids, owing to the equability, not less than to the mildness, of its climate. The late eminent climatologist, Sir James Clark, speaks of it in high terms:—"The temperature of Bute never falls low during winter, nor rises high in summer, so that its yearly range is comparatively limited—under 60°, which is at least 15° less than what it is at Glasgow. The temperature will more frequently rise above 75° at Glasgow than 70° at Rothesay, in Bute; and oftener sink below 20° at Glasgow than below 30° at Rothesay. During severe and long-continued frost on the mainland, and when the surrounding hills are for many weeks covered with snow, a little may be seen on the higher parts of Bute; but even then the temperature on the lower grounds is rarely under 28° during the night, and 34°

during the day. In the whole course of twelve years of the most careful and accurate hourly observations, the thermometer never fell lower in Bute than 20° above zero of Fahrenheit's scale, and on three occasions only was it nearly so low. On one of these the thermometer in the Botanic Gardens, Glasgow, indicated 5° below zero. In ordinary [summer] weather, the thermometer in Bute does not rise as high by several degrees as on the mainland." To this it may be added that the rainfall is very moderate, and that thunderstorms are of rare occurrence.

The public buildings of Rothesay are neither numerous nor remarkable. There are the New Public Halls, well adapted for the different purposes they are intended to fulfil; the Churches—Established, Free, United Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Roman Catholic; the Pier, six hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet broad; the Robertson Stewart Hospital; the Norman Stewart Institute; and the Royal Northern Yacht Club House. Of greater interest is the Castle, with its reverend memories of the past. It is now an ivy-shrouded ruin; but in its palmy time it consisted of a circular court, some one hundred and forty feet in diameter, and surrounded by a massive battlemented wall, fully twenty-six feet in height, which was flanked by four round towers placed nearly equidistant from each other. Round the outside ran a wide ditch filled with water by a stream from Loch Fad. The Castle proper is supposed to date from 1098. A later portion, called the Palace, and easily distinguished by difference of style and masonry, was built by Robert II. It is attached to the entrance front of the older building. The Gateway is on the north side, and has above it, on a shield, much defaced, the Royal Arms of Scotland. Within the court-yard still stand the solid walls of the ancient Church of St. Michael.

The Castle grounds, moat, and drawbridge were restored in 1874–77 by the Marquis of Bute, the Hereditary Keeper. Crossing the drawbridge, and entering by the ancient gateway, the visitor

passes into a vaulted hall, below which is a darksome dungeon, with walls twelve feet in thickness. Ascending the decayed staircase, he surveys the grand hall, with its massive fireplace. The bedrooms on the upper floor have disappeared, but traces of them exist in the remaining walls, and more particularly of the one in which King Robert III. died in 1406.

Rothesay Castle, it is supposed, was one of the fortresses erected by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, when he accomplished the conquest of the Western Isles. During several reigns it was frequently used as a residence by the Scottish sovereigns. In the thirteenth century it was captured and garrisoned by Haco; but the Scots recovered it after the defeat of the Northmen at Largs (1263). From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century it was regarded as the marine palace—the medieval "Osborne"—of the Scottish kings. It was seized by Cromwell's troops during his invasion of Scotland, and, on evacuating it, they destroyed a portion of its walls. Finally it was laid in ruins by a detachment of the small army with which the Earl of Argyll invaded the west of Scotland, in 1685, in support of Monmouth's ill-starred conspiracy.

After all, the great attraction of Rothesay is its convenience as a starting-point for the numerous walks and drives which open up the beauties and interesting objects of the island.

EXCURSIONS FROM ROTHESAY.

Eastward, either by the Serpentine Road or by the Esplanade, we proceed to the picturesque villa-colony of *Craigmore* (where a pier has been erected, about six hundred feet in length), above which, on a cliff festooned with greenery, is Ardencraig, the residence of Mr. C. Dalrymple. Along a charming road, skirting "Ascog bank that blooms so fair," and passing the old manor-houses of Ascog (Ascaig), and the Free Church of Ascog, romantically situated on a little verdant promontory, and several handsome mansions, we arrive at the quiet little village of Kerrycroy and its beautiful sandy

cove, which is one of the "lions" of the island. The village was modelled by a late Marchioness of Bute after an English village, and fronts a smooth little "green." It is situated close to the entrance of the delightful grounds of Mount Stuart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, who has recently raised a magnificent mansion, in the Gothic style, at a cost of £750,000, on the site of the old eighteenth-century house, destroyed by fire in 1876. The grounds, which cover a considerable area, are finely undulated and richly wooded. The beech avenue and the lime avenue are things of beauty; and the visitor, if he be botanically inclined, will find much to interest him in the shrubs, which thrive luxuriantly—many of them natives of tropic countries.

The drive or walk may be extended to *Kilchattan Bay*, by way of Kingarth Inn. A detour should be made to the farm of Drumreoch, where the Marquis of Bute keeps a colony of beavers, and the visitor may watch them at their ingenious avocations—cutting down trees, erecting houses, and constructing their defensive dams. Kilchattan is rising into repute as a watering-place. It has abundant facilities for boating and fishing, and some pretty villas and a commodious hotel have recently been erected. The village takes its name from an ancient church (*Kil*), dedicated to St. Chattan, which stood under the Suidh Hill, but has long since disappeared.

From Kingarth we may make our way to *St. Blane's Chapel*. On the road to the left lie the remains of a stone circle; and in a field on the right, towards Stravannan Bay, may be seen three large standing-stones, which belonged perhaps to an ancient cromlech. Passing the scanty memorials of a supposed British stronghold, called "the Dunstrone of Lubas," we arrive at Dunagoil, and on the high ground above it stand the ruins of the ancient Chapel of St. Blane. Whoever founded it must have had an eye for the picturesque, as the site commands a lovely and radiant view of much of the island ground, and across the waters takes in the jagged peaks of Arran.

The present Church of St. Blane is supposed to have been erected about 1100, but its architectural characteristics hardly justify so remote a date.

A little way to the north is still shown the *Devil's Caldron.* It is thirty feet in diameter, and fenced by a wall of dry stone, seven and a half feet high and ten feet thick, with an entrance from the east.

About a mile to the south-west of the chapel is the *Vitrified Fort,* anciently named *Dun-na-Gheil.* The mode of construction employed by its Norse builders was, to place wood in alternate layers with stone, to set fire to the wood, and to case the whole with clay until the pent-up heat fused into one solid mass both wood and stone. Originally the area thus enclosed was about three and a half acres; and the fort or camp was one of a series which stretched across the island from end to end, always on the high ground, so that the approach of an enemy might easily be detected.

The return route to Rothesay may be made by Scalpsie Bay, and thence across the island in a north-westerly direction, by Loch Fad (or Fadh), the most picturesque of the island-lochs.

This lake—or *lakelet,* rather—is about half a mile in breadth to five miles in length. It is surrounded by rough and broken hills, so that it presents a kind of model or pattern of some of the larger Highland lakes; while a character of majesty is given to the scene by the grand peaks of Arran in the one direction and the rude heights of Cowal in the other. A human interest is attached to it by its association with Edmund Kean, who, by some odd accident, was induced to build for himself a retreat from his professional labours and social dissipations in this secluded corner of a remote island. His house, a convenient one but disappointingly commonplace, was purchased after his death by the Marquis of Bute, and has escaped alteration.

Between Loch Fad and Rothesay is *Barone Hill.* (See *Chromo View.*) Its summit was formerly crowned by one of the old camps or forts to which allusion has already been made.

Westward.—We now proceed to a brief survey of the western portion of the isle. Passing the Royal Northern Club-house, and, at the corner of the Skeoch* Wood, the smaller building belonging to the Royal Rothesay Aquatic Club, we enter Ardbeg Road, where formerly resided the once popular dramatist Sheridan Knowles, and push onward to *Port Bannatyne*, a rising watering-place, with a rich and varied prospect of the Cowal shore and the romantic basin of Loch Striven. (See *Chromo View.*) At the farther end of the village a road deflects to Ettrick Bay, on the west coast of the island, of which we shall speak presently. On the right observe the ancient castle of Easter Kames—formerly the seat of the Bannatynes—the large square tower of which may possibly date from the fourteenth century. The grounds are finely wooded. About a quarter of a mile to the north stands the square tower, with turret, of Wester Kames.

Ascending the hill to Croc-an-ran, we take to a silvan road of exceptional beauty, and under overarching boughs climb to the parish church of Kames. Opposite to it, enclosed by a stone wall, are the remains of an ancient fort. On the north side a solitary upright stone marks the site of the Chapel of St. Colmar.

We now turn off—there is a choice of roads, but as the tide is up we take the one to the north—to *Ettrick Bay;* and if the glory of a summer day should be resting upon it, we shall see as fine a sight as human vision need desire to grasp. To the south the granite peaks of Arran are sharply defined against a clear blue sky. Almost opposite to us rises the green ridge of Cantire, the south-west peninsula of Argyllshire; and close inshore lies the sacred island of Inchmarnoch.

From Ettrick Bay the tourist may keep along the shore of the West Kyle to *Kilmichael Bay*—a route which commands fine views of Arran and of the Cowal coasts, with the villages of Kames and Tighnabruaich. Crossing Ettrick Burn we arrive at Kildamanan

* *Skeoch*, Gaelic for "hawthorn."

Farm, which is situated, according to recognized topographical authorities, on the site of the ancient church of St. Manan. A barrow, or tumulus, is noticeable on the farm of Gleehnabea, two miles, and in Lenihuline ("the holy field") Wood, one mile farther, an interesting cairn, which assumes the form of a cross, two hundred feet in length, with arms about fifty feet long. As a cell was built at its western extremity, it is supposed that this was a place of penance.

Just before the road ends we come to the remains of the old church and churchyard of St. Michael, where a saint of that name was buried. The ferry here once afforded the only communication between the island and the Kilmun district of Argyllshire.

The pedestrian, if he be bold and robust, may from this point make his way across the hills to Rhubodach, and gaining the road which curves round the East Kyle, return to Kames Bay, Port Bannatyne, and Rothesay. This route is a very enjoyable one, for it opens up a succession of romantic pictures—Loch Striven, Loch Ridden, the green hills of Cowal, and the miniature archipelago of the Burnt Isles.

THE KYLES OF BUTE, LOCH FYNE.

After this long digression, we propose to resume our narrative of the course of the *Columba*.

Starting from Rothesay, we swiftly pass Port Bannatyne, Kames Bay, Ardmaleish Point, and enter the lovely winding strait known as the *Kyles of Bute*. At the head of Loch Striven ("Rothesay's weather-glass") the mountains terminate in a series of lofty rounded cones, with verdant but treeless sides, which slope gently westward towards Ardlamont Point.

Colintraive, near the mouth of Loch Ridden, is another of those picturesquely situated colonies of villas of which so many are found along the shores of the Clyde estuary. It is situated at the entrance of the beautiful valley of Glendaruel, which stretches inland from Ormidale to Loch Fyne.

On *Eilean Rule*, one of the Burnt Islands, is a vitrified fort. Just within Loch Ridden lies *Eilean Dhairrig* or *Derg* (the Red Island), where may be seen the ruins of the small fort garrisoned by the Earl of Argyll during his disastrous expedition of 1685. Near the other side of the loch lies Caladh Island, and on the mainland, at the foot of Ben Breac, stands the handsome mansion of Glen Caladh, the seat of G. R. Stephenson, Esq., the eminent civil engineer, and nephew of George Stephenson of railway fame.

Half-way down the hill, on the Bute shore, are two remarkable fragments of rock, known as "the Maids of Bute."

We now strike to the south, past *Tighnabruaich*, "the house on the brae," and the celebrated Kames Powder Works of Curtis and Harvey, and at Ardlamont Point—near which is Ardlamont House, the seat of the head of the clan Lamont—steam out of the Kyles.

Rounding Ardlamont Point, we steer a north-westerly course into *Loch Fyne*, an extensive arm of the sea which thrusts itself far up into Argyllshire, forming the boundary between the districts of Cowal and Cantire. It measures about fifty miles in length, and varies in breadth from three miles to twelve, with an average breadth of from four to five miles. Its depth is from sixty to seventy fathoms. Half-way up on the west side it throws off a small arm, called Loch Gilp, whence is cut the Crinan Canal (see *Chromo View*) to the Sound of Jura. Within a few miles of its head Loch Fyne broadens into an ample bay before Inveraray, surrounded by lofty mountains, and broken up into a variety of peninsulas. The mountains which enclose this noble expanse of water are everywhere worthy of it. They are bare, it is true; but what they thus lose in beauty they gain in majesty, and this character is further impressed upon them by their starting up from the very edge of the sea.

Loch Fyne is still famous for its herring-fishery, which usually begins in July or August, and continues until the first of January. It is not now conducted on so extensive a scale as in past years,

the herring shoals having largely decreased in number, owing, it is said, to the prevalence of the practice of trawling.

On the coast of Cantire, near the entrance to Loch Fyne, is Skipness Point, with the ruins of *Skipness Castle*, a fortalice of great antiquity, which some authorities assert to have been founded by the Danes. On our right is the Cowal coast; on our left, that of the narrow peninsula, or promontory, of Cantire, which is about forty miles long, and nowhere more than twelve miles wide. Cantire is traversed by a range of heights, of which the loftiest, Ben Near, rises 1,515 feet above the sea-level. In succession it has been owned by the Danes, the Macdonalds of the Isles, and the Campbells, upon whom it was conferred by James V.

The southern extremity of this peninsula, the *Mull of Cantire*, is famed for the force of the currents, which sweep round it with a rush and a roar. A cluster of low rocks, formerly the cause of many shipwrecks, lies a short distance from the shore. They are known as the *Three Merchants;* and on one of them has been erected a lighthouse, the lantern of which, 235 feet above high-water mark, radiates for a distance of two-and-twenty miles. On the east coast of the Mull is *Campbeltown*, famous for whisky; and on the west is Machrihanish, famous for golf.

Cantire is joined to its sister-peninsula of Knapdale by an isthmus, a mile wide, which interposes between two arms of the sea —one a small bay in Loch Fyne, and the other a long narrow inlet of the Atlantic. These are respectively known as *East Loch Tarbert* and *West Loch Tarbert*. Passengers for Islay leave the *Columba* at East Tarbert, and are conveyed by coach across to West Loch Tarbert, where MacBrayne's mail-steamer is waiting to convey them to Islay. This arrangement is in force daily during the whole year. Across the isthmus small boats were formerly dragged, in order to avoid the dangerous passage round the Mull; hence the name *Tarbert*, which in Gaelic means isthmus.

East Loch Tarbert is a secure natural harbour, and the head-

quarters of the Loch Fyne herring-fishers. Round the head of it spreads the picturesque town, rapidly increasing in popularity as a summer-resort; and above the town looms the fine old castle, built by Robert the Bruce in 1326.

Continuing her voyage northward along the Cantire coast, the *Columba* carries us past Barmore, the splendid seat of the Campbells of Stonefield. At the head of the peninsula is *Maoldhu*, the spur of the mountain *Sliamgaoil*, or "hill of love," where Ossian's Diarmid, it is said, was killed. Two miles further bring us to *Ardrishaig*, the terminus of the *Columba's* voyage. (The village of Lochgilphead is two miles beyond.)

Ardrishaig is pleasantly situated at the mouth of Loch Gilp, and in the neighbourhood of much romantic scenery; but it derives its present importance from its position at the terminus of the Crinan Canal, which was cut in 1793–1801, as a communication between Loch Fyne and the Atlantic, so as to avoid the difficult and circuitous passage of seventy miles round the Mull of Cantire. Its construction cost about £200,000. Its length is nine miles, and the elevation of the district which it traverses renders necessary fifteen locks—of which eight are used in ascending from Ardrishaig, and seven in descending to Crinan.

During the summer months, an alternative route for tourists between Ardrishaig and Oban is provided, by coach, to Ford on Loch Awe, thence by MacBrayne's steamer to the head of the loch, and thence by train to Oban. The majority of tourists, however, prefer the royal route; and landing at Ardrishaig are embarked on board MacBrayne's saloon steamer *Linnet*, which easily and comfortably conveys them to the Atlantic mouth of the Canal.

[Time may be found by the tourist for a day at *Inveraray*,* which lies at the confluence of the small river Aray with Loch Fyne. The small but beautiful stream of the Aray (Gaelic, *Avreidh*) rises near Loch Awe, and has a picturesque course of nine miles, in the

* Inveraray has been made classic ground by Scott in his "Legend of Montrose."

shadow of green and brown cliffs, or between banks richly wooded with oak and birch. There are two or three fine falls on the river, the chief being that of Lenach-Gluthin, where the waters tumble headlong over a rugged and precipitous rock. The road from Inveraray to Loch Awe traverses the river valley throughout its length.

Inveraray, the county town of Argyllshire, was made a royal burgh in 1648. It has been the residence of the Argylls since the beginning of the fourteenth century, and a depôt of the herring-fishery for a much longer period. Near the centre of the town, which is cleanly and well built, has been erected a monument in memory of certain members of the clan Campbell put to death during the Marquis of Montrose's inroad into Argyll. The ducal seat, which

INVERARAY CASTLE.

gives its chief importance to Inveraray, is an imposing but heavy structure, square in plan and of a bluish-gray colour, and flanked by circular towers. In the background rises the pyramidal hill of Duniquoich.]

FROM CRINAN TO OBAN.

One of the first points of interest we meet with on this route is *Duntroon Castle*, the residence of the Malcolms of Poltalloch. We then thread our way through the clustering islands which sleep on

the bosom of Loch Craignish, a channel so narrow that it has been named the *Dorrismohr*, or Great Door. To the west loom the rugged outlines of Jura, with its "Paps"—three conical hills so called; close on the horizon is Scarba; and in the narrow sound between the two islands is the fierce whirlpool of Corryvreckan,—originating in the collision of adverse currents over sunken rocks—

> "Where Corryvreckan's surges driven,
> Meet, mount, and lash the breast of heaven."

In stormy weather, with a flowing tide, its aspect is very formidable, and its dangers are very real. Vast openings are formed, through which, one would fancy, the ocean bed might be seen. Masses of water pour headlong as if over a precipice; then, surging up again from the depths with a hissing of spray and a great uproar, dash together with incredible impetuosity, and throw up shining shafts and pyramids into the clear air.

Crossing the mouth of Loch Melford, we leave behind us Easdale and Lunga, Luing, Shuna, and Seil. Between Seil and Luing is the Sound of Cuan, through which the current brawls and battles with unappeasable indignation.

We are next carried across the entrance to Loch Feochan, which darkens with the colossal shadow of Ben Cruachan; pass Ardencaple Point, and enter the Sound of Kerrera, defended from the surging billows of the Atlantic by an island of the same name. Observe, to the south, the ruined castle of Gylen, of Danish origin, where died Alexander II. in 1249, when preparing for an expedition against King Haco of Norway.

The Sound of Kerrera terminates in the beautiful bay of Oban, which sleeps in tranquil loveliness behind its island breakwater; with a semicircular sweep of green hills at its head—the long white-walled town bent in conformity with the curvature of the shore; steep cliffs, festooned with ivy, ferns, and other greenery, overhanging it; the pictorial character of the prospect, with all its warmth

and variety of colouring, being completed by the old weather-worn fortalice of Dunolly on the promontory at the mouth of Loch Etive.

Oban we have described and illustrated in another volume of this series ("The West Highlands")

TO ARRAN BY LARGS AND MILLPORT.

We now return—"with seven-league boots"—to Innellan on the Clyde, there to catch the steamer which shall conduct us to the romantic island of Arran. Direct communication is also established between Rothesay and Arran, the steamer closely skirting the green coast-line of Bute, with the islands of the Greater and Lesser Cumbraes on the left. This route calls for no detailed notice, though it is very pleasant and very popular. We shall take the Largs route, because it offers some points of interest to which the stranger's attention may profitably be called.

After leaving Innellan, the steamer strikes out into the open waters of the firth, and makes for the Ayrshire coast, with Wemyss Bay on the left. We notice the summer village of Skelmorlie, lying in the shelter of the green hill which is covered with the buildings of the Hydropathic Establishment, pass Knock Point and Knock Castle, and soon lie alongside of the pier at *Largs*.

Largs (see *Chromo View*) stretches with some degree of regularity along the inner line of a sunny bay—verdant hills rising like a natural bulwark in its rear; and broad sands spreading in front of it, smooth enough for the light feet of ocean-nymphs—the said ocean-nymphs being fair visitors. It enjoys a fine view of the Cumbraes and of the peaks of Arran. The old proverb, "Out of Scotland into Largs," referring to its secluded and almost inaccessible situation, has been put to shame by the construction of a branch line of the Glasgow and South-western Railway, which connects Largs with the world and the world with Largs.

Largs has the usual *agréments* of a popular watering-place—hotels, churches, baths, lecture-halls, circulating-libraries, lodging-

houses, boats and carriages for hire, fishing facilities, and the like. Its sands on a summer evening are crowded with moving life, and its waters with yachts and boats of various rigs and sizes.

An aisle of the old parish church, built in 1646, is the mortuary chapel or mausoleum of the Montgomeries of Skelmorlie. The church itself is interesting from the quaint emblematic carving which decorates it. The roof is embellished with the zodiacal signs.

Largs is not without a historical reputation. To the south of the town, in 1263, was fought the once famous Battle of Largs. The Northmen, under their king Haco, disembarked here from their galleys, intending to harry the land with fire and sword, but were encountered by Alexander III. at the head of a large body of Scots, and driven back to their ships with great slaughter. Haco, before retiring, had to ask permission to bury his dead, whose bones to this day lie beneath the cairns and barrows on the southern plain. Haco himself died at Orkney soon afterwards.

Brisbane House, to the north, is worth a visit. So too is *Kelburne Castle*, one of the seats of the Earl of Glasgow, about two miles and a half to the south. Behind it lies a romantic and well-wooded glen, watered by a stream which throws itself in foam and spray over the precipitous cliff at the head.

The next place of call is *Fairlie*, which has now a couple of railway stations and a commodious and substantial pier. These are the gifts of man; those of nature are yet more valuable—a fine beach, a lovely sea-prospect, and a fair and pleasant country round about. The square tower of Fairlie Castle, an old stronghold of the Fairlie family, stands on an eminence above the town. Fairlie has long been famous for the cunning of its yacht-builders.

MILLPORT.

Across the firth we now steer to the charming watering-place of *Millport* (see *Chromo View*), which curves round a deep crescent-

shaped bay on the south of the island of Greater Cumbrae. Immediately in front of us is Lord Glasgow's marine residence, *The Garrison;* and above it are the buildings of the Episcopal College and the Cathedral Church of the Isles, conspicuous by its lofty and well-proportioned spire.

The two small rocky islands of the Greater and the Lesser Cumbrae or Cumbray ("a place of refuge") lie, as the tourist will observe, between the Ayrshire coast and the island of Bute. The Greater (also called the Big or Muckle) Cumbrae is a mass of old red sandstone, intersected by trap dikes, measuring three and a half miles in length by two miles in breadth, and is of interest to the geologist, the botanist, and the marine zoologist. From north to south it is traversed by a range of hills, the Sheughends, which in the centre attains a height of 450 feet.

The Lesser Cumbrae is about a mile long and half a mile broad, and is separated from its bigger neighbour by a channel only three-quarters of a mile broad. Its highest point is 650 feet, to which the strata of rock gradually ascend, receding as they ascend like a flight of stairs. Upon the south side are the ruins of a castle, which, it is said, once belonged to the Eglintons. It was surprised and burned by the troops of Cromwell. Near the top of the hill are the remains of the chapel and tomb of St. Vey.

Millport has special attractions as a watering-place: it is quiet, sheltered, and healthy, and possesses exceptional facilities for boating. To the pedestrian, however, unless he has a scientific bias, the limited area of the island may be a trouble and an annoyance. He can walk all round it before breakfast.

The Cathedral Church of St. Andrew and the College adjoining, though on a small scale, as befits the island, are of very graceful outline and harmonious proportions. The college answers a double purpose—it provides a retreat for aged clergymen of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, and a place of training for theological students who intend to take holy orders.

The parish church, a structure of some pretension, was built in 1837. In an earlier building on the same site formerly ministered the Rev. James Adam, a man of ability, gifted with the pawky humour which is so peculiarly Scotch. It was he who once prayed —comprehensively enough—"for the Muckle Cumbrae, the Lesser Cumbrae, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

From Millport we strike out once more into the gleaming firth, and turning to the south, run past Fairlie Head, and along the low flat Ayrshire coast to the port and town of *Ardrossan* (on a branch of the Glasgow and South-western Railway). It is the chief point of communication with the island of Arran, which lies immediately opposite.

ARRAN.

We are prepared to say, that of all the isles of the west, Arran holds "the chiefest place." We admit that it has not the grandeur of Skye. There is nothing in it to compare, for instance, with the stern sublimity of Loch Coruisk; but then Skye is without the glens and the groves and the softer features of Arran, which temper the savage majesty of its jagged peaks. Nor has Skye so mild a climate, for it is constantly clothed in mists and vexed by storms—its winter is forbidding, and even its spring austere. Take it for all in all, we contend that Arran is Queen of the Scottish Isles.

Arran lies in a great bay of the Atlantic formed by the Ayrshire coast on the east and the peninsula of Cantire on the west. From the former it is separated by the Firth of Clyde, with an average breadth of thirteen miles; from the latter by the Sound of Kilbrandon, or Kilbrennan, about six miles broad. From the green shore of Bute it is only five miles apart. Its greatest length, from north to south, is twenty-six miles; its greatest breadth, from east to west, is twelve miles. Its general outline is that of an irregular ellipse. A noticeable peculiarity of its configuration is the slight degree in which its coast-line is broken up by capes or bays. There

are really but two of the latter—Lamlash Bay and Brodick Bay. (See *Chromo View.*) Whiting Bay might more properly be called a cove; and Loch Ranza, on the north, is a very small inlet. The scenery of Arran derives its chief character from the mass of granitic mountains of which the island forms the base. These are grouped together in the northern district, where they seem to start up sheer from the very edge of the waves. The culminating point, Goatfell, is 2,900 feet high. The Gaelic name of Goatfell is *Gaodh Bhein* or *Ben Ghaoil*, "the mountain of the winds." (See *Chromo View.*) Its peculiar situation renders it much more imposing in aspect than many mountains of double that elevation. And the atmospheric changes—the wonderful play of light and shade—necessarily deepen the strong impression they produce.

As we cross from Ardrossan to Lamlash, on the east coast of Arran, we see, away to the southward, the pyramidal isolated mass of *Ailsa Craig* (see *Chromo View*), the western counterpart of the Bass Rock. It consists wholly of columnar syenitic trap, a mile and a half in circumference, and 1,100 feet high. On the western side it presents to the sea a rugged precipitous wall, and the only landing-place is on the eastern side, where a small beach has been formed by fragments of fallen rock. Thence an easy incline of 200 feet ascends to the ruins of an ancient square building, probably of monastic origin. Higher up well out two abundant springs, and the summit is clothed with fine fresh verdure. A lighthouse has recently been erected on the Craig, the light of which was first shown in the early weeks of 1886.

The first point in Arran at which the steamer touches is—

Corrie (Gaelic, "a narrow glen"), a pretty little village at the foot of Goatfell, with a small but comfortable hotel. The surrounding scenery is of the most romantic character; and up the glen from which the hamlet takes its name is a waterfall of about two hundred and fifty feet in height.

To the north is Sannox Bay (with a small pier), upon which

opens *Glen Sannox* (see *Chromo View*), the most striking and not the least accessible of the glens in the island. In savage sublimity, it is probably not inferior to Glencoe. The coast scenery between Glen Sannox, Corrie, and Brodick is very fine.

Brodick is situated at the head of a picturesque bay almost in the shadow of Goatfell and Ben Nish (2,598 feet). It has a good iron pier, a neat belfried church, a large and handsome hotel, and some neat lodging-houses and villas. On the north side stands the stately pile of Brodick Castle, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, who is literally Lord of Arran, and seems disposed to make the island one large preserve. His mansion, rebuilt in 1840–45, occupies the site of an ancient stronghold of the Lords of the Isles. In 1306 that ancient fortalice was captured by James, Lord Douglas, and some partisans of the Bruce. Demolished in 1456, it was rebuilt by James V. Cromwell placed in it a garrison of eighty men, who, it is said, were surprised and cut off by the natives.

From the amphitheatre of rugged heights which shelters Brodick, three glens open out their romantic shades—Glen Cloy, Glen Sherrig, and Glen Rosa. The last-named slants upward to the west shoulder of Goatfell, and with its wild and wayward beauty throws a magical spell over every lover of nature.

We now pass on to *Lamlash*, where the bay, which measures about three miles across the mouth from Clachland Point to King's Cross, makes a fine bold curve into the picturesque shore. The village, five miles from Brodick by one of the prettiest roads in Scotland, consists of a row of villas and cottages, with a couple of hotels. The scenery all around it is inexhaustible in its wealth of interest, and must light up even the most prosaic mind.

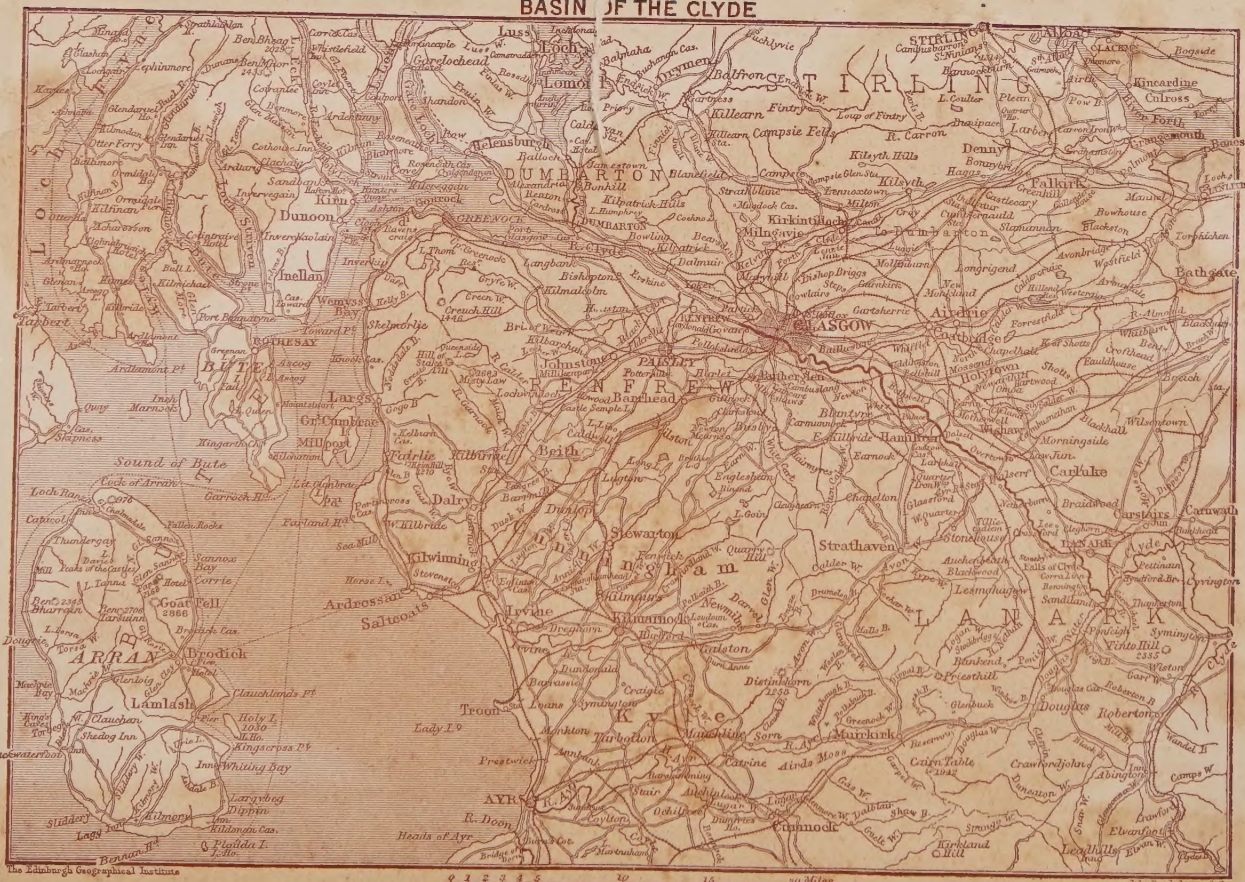
The bay finds a natural breakwater in Holy Isle, which fences it from storms and biting blasts, and converts it into a very secure and spacious harbour, with sufficient depth for the largest ships, and ample room for an imperial navy to ride at anchor.

Passing round the southern end of the island to the west coast,

we reach *Drimodune Bay*. The mouth of the Blackwater has here been converted into a small harbour, from which the ferry starts to Campbeltown. From this point a road strikes across the island to Brodick, by way of Glen Tuie, which is watered by the Mauchry Burn, and Glen Sherrig.

At *Auchnagallen*, a little to the north of the Mauchry Burn, begins the Loch Ranza district, which extends round the north of the island to Corrie Point on the east coast. The road all the way opens up the most delightful pictures imaginable, vivid with various hues, and constantly diversified in outline. Thus we proceed through fairy land and fable land to the beautiful *Lochranza*—a village so picturesquely situated that its like will hardly be found in all the Western Isles. It has a fine bay in front, about a mile in length and nearly half a mile in width, which, on the south side, is fenced in by a long low promontory, crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle. (See *Chromo View.*) In its rear is a noble sweep of mountains, pierced by the ravine of Glenranza. To the north-east lie the Scriden Rocks, the remains of a gigantic landslip; and just beyond rises the strange bird-like shape of the Cock of Arran. It is difficult to imagine a scene more fitted to kindle in artist or in poet the fires of inspiration, while even the ordinary mind, which is unconscious of poetic impulses, must be touched to "fine issues" by its mingled loveliness and grandeur.

BASIN OF THE CLYDE


STIRLING
DUMBARTON
RENFREW
LANARK
AYR
ARRAN
Loch Lomond
Firth of Clyde
Sound of Bute
Cock of Arran
Kilbirnie
Beith
Dalry
Kilwinning
Irvine
Ardrossan
Saltcoats
Brodick
Lamlash
Troon
Prestwick
AYR
Dunoon
Inellan
Kirn
Greenock
Gourock
Helensburgh
Dumbarton
Kirkintilloch
Milngavie
Bearsden
Bishopton
Erskine
Johnstone
Paisley
Barrhead
Neilston
Lochwinnoch
Largs
Gr. Cumbrae
Millport
Hamilton
Motherwell
Wishaw
Coatbridge
Airdrie
Glasgow
Bothwell
Uddingston
Rutherglen
Cambuslang
Carluke
Lanark
Carstairs
Douglas
Abington
Crawford
Elvanfoot
Leadhills
Biggar
Strathaven
Stonehouse
Larkhall
Hamilton
Blantyre
Newmilns
Darvel
Galston
Kilmarnock
Irvine
Troon
Ayr
Cumnock
Muirkirk
Sorn
Mauchline
Catrine
Ochiltree
Auchinleck
Cronberry
Sanquhar
Kirkland
Child
Falkirk
Denny
Kilsyth
Cumbernauld
Slamannan
Bonnybridge
Larbert
Stirling
Alloa
Clackmannan
Kincardine
Culross
Torryburn
Dunfermline
Queensferry
Linlithgow
Bathgate
Whitburn
Shotts
Motherwell
Holytown
Newmains
Wishaw
Morningside
Carnwath
Braidwood
Lesmahagow
Auchenheath
Blackwood
Douglas
Robertonn
Crawfordjohn
Abington
Elvanfoot
Leadhills
Biggar
Symington
Craigie
Dundonald
Fullarton
Irvine
Kilmaurs
Dreghorn
Perceton
Stevenston
Saltcoats
Ardrossan
Seamill
West Kilbride
Fairlie
Largs
Millport
Gr. Cumbrae
Lt. Cumbrae
Inellan
Dunoon
Kirn
Gourock
Greenock
Helensburgh
Dumbarton
Bonhill
Alexandria
Luss
Loch Lomond
Balloch
Tarbert
Ardrishaig
Lochgilphead
Inveraray
Cairndow
Arrochar
Tarbet
Luss
Rowardennan
Aberfoyle
Callander
Doune
Dunblane
Bridge of Allan

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